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THE

FIRST EPISTLE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK

OF

HORACE

IMITATED.

By Mr. *POPE.*

LONDON:

Printed for R. DODSLEY at *Tully's Head* in *Pall-mall*, and sold by *T. Cooper* in *Pater-noster-row*, MDCCXXXVII. [*Price* 1 *s.*]

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[Price 1 s.]

Q. HORATII FLACCI

EPIST. I. LIB. I.

THE

AND

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Q. HORATII FLACCI

EPIST. I. LIB. I.

AD

MÆCENATEM.

PRIMA *dicte mihi, ſummâ dicende Camenâ!*

[2] *Spectatum ſatis, & donatum jam rude, quæris*

(Mæcenas) iterum antiquo me includere ludo?

Non eadem eſt ætas, non mens. [3] *Vejanius Armis*

[4] *Herculis ad poſtem fixis, latet abditus agro,*

Ne populum [5] *extremâ, toties, exoret arenâ.*

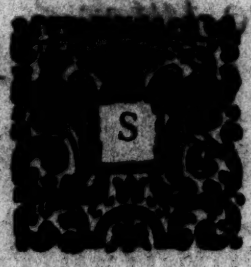
27 58 MAY

EPISTLES
OF
HORACE.

BOOK I.

EPISTLE I.

St John



* * whose love indulg'd my labours paſt,
Matures my preſent, and ſhall bound my laſt!
Why [2] will you break the Sabbath of my days?
Now ſick alike of Envy and of Praiſe.
Publick too long, ah let me hide my Age!
See modeſt [3] Cibber now has left the Stage:
Our Gen'rals now, [4] retir'd to their Eſtates,
Hang their old Trophies o'er the Garden gates,
In Life's cool evening ſatiate of applauſe,
Nor [5] fond of bleeding, ev'n in Br——s cauſe.

[6] *Eſt mihi, purgatam crebro qui perſonet aurem;*

" *Solve* [7] *ſeneſcentem mature ſanus equum, ne*

" *Peccet ad extremum ridendus, & ilia ducat.*"

Nunc itaque, & [8] *Verſus &* cætera ludicra *pono,*

Quid [9] verum *atque* decens, *curo & rogo, &* omnis *in*

hoc ſum.

---

[10] *Condo & compono quæ* mox *depromere poſſim.*

Ac ne forte roges, [11] *quo me* duce, *quo* Lare *tuter?*

Nullius addictus jurare in verba Magiſtri,

[12] *Quo me cunque rapit tempeſtas, deferor* Hoſpes.

Nunc agilis *fio, & merſor* [13] civilibus undis,

Virtutis veræ Cuſtos, [14] rigiduſque ſatelles.

Nunc in * *Ariſtippi* [15] furtim *præcepta* relabor

* Omnis Ariſtippum decuit color, & ſtatus, & res.

[6]A Voice there is, that whiſpers in my ear,
('Tis Reaſon's voice, which ſometimes one can hear)
" Friend Pope! be prudent, let your [7]Muſe take breath,
" And never gallop Pegaſus to death;
" Leſt ſtiff, and ſtately, void of fire, and force,
" You limp, like Blackmore, on a Lord Mayor's horſe.'

Farewel then [8]Verſe, and Love, and ev'ry Toy,
The rhymes and rattles of the Man or Boy:
What [9]right, what true, what fit, we juſtly call,
Let this be all my care—for this is All:
To lay this [10]harveſt up, and hoard with haſte
What ev'ry day will want, and moſt, the laſt.

But ask not, to what [11]Doctors I apply?
Sworn to no Maſter, of no Sect am I:
As drives the [12]ſtorm, at any door I knock,
And houſe with Montagne now, or now with Lock.
Sometimes a [13]Patriot, active in debate,
Mix with the World, and battle for the State,
Free as young Lyttleton, her cauſe purſue,
Still true to Virtue, [14]and as warm as true:
Sometimes, with Ariſtippus, or St. Paul,
Indulge my Candor, and grow all to all;

Et mihi res, non me rebus, ſubmittere conor.

[16]*Ut nox longa quibus mentitur amica, dieſque*

Longa videtur opus debentibus, *ut piger annus*

Pupillis, quos dura premit cuſtodia matrum:

Sic mihi tarda [17] *fluunt* ingrataque *tempora, quæ ſpem*

Conſiliumque morantur *agendi gnaviter* [18] id, *quod*

Æque pauperibus *prodeſt*, locupletibus *æque*,

Æque neglectum pueris, ſenibuſque *nocebit.*

[19] Reſtat, *ut his ego me ipſe regam*, [20] *ſolerque*, Elementis.

[21] *Non poſſis oculo quantum contendere Lynceus,*

Non tamen idcirco contemnas lippus inungi:

Nec, quia deſperes invicti membra Glyconis,

Nodosâ corpus nolis prohibere chiragrâ.

Eſt quâdam prodire [22] *tenus, ſi non datur ultra.*

Back to my [15] native Moderation ſlide,
And win my way by yielding to the tyde.
[16] Long, as to him who works for debt, the Day,
Long as the Night to her whoſe love's away;
Long as the Year's dull circle ſeems to run,
When the brisk Minor pants for twenty-one;
So ſlow th' [17] unprofitable Moments roll,
That lock up all the Functions of my ſoul;
That keep me from Myſelf; and ſtill delay
Life's inſtant buſineſs to a future day:
That [18] task, which as we follow, or deſpiſe,
The eldeſt is a fool, the youngeſt wiſe;
Which done, the pooreſt can no wants endure,
And which not done, the richeſt muſt be poor.
[19] Late as it is, I put my ſelf to ſchool,
And feel ſome [20] comfort, not to be a fool.
[21] Weak tho' I am of limb, and ſhort of ſight,
Far from a Lynx, and not a Giant quite,
I'll do what MEAD and CHESELDEN adviſe,
To keep theſe limbs, and to preſerve theſe eyes.
Not to [22] go back, is ſomewhat to advance,
And Men muſt walk at leaſt before they dance.

[23] *Fervet Avaritia, miſeroque Cupidine pectus?*

Sunt verba & voces, *quibus hunc lenire dolorem*
Poſſis, & [24] *magnam morbi deponere partem.*
Laudis amore tumes? ſunt [25] *certa* piacula, *quæ te*
Ter *pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.*
[26] *Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinoſus,* [27] Amator,
Nemo [28] *adeo* ferus *eſt ut non miteſcere poſſit,*
Si modo culturæ patientem commodet aurem.
[29] *Virtus eſt vitium fugere, & Sapientia prima*
Stultitia caruiſſe ——
——*Vides, quæ* [30] *maxima credis*
Eſſe mala, exiguum cenſum, turpemque repulſam,
Quanto devites animi, capitiſque labore?
Impiger extremos curris mercator ad Indos,
Per [31] *mare* pauperiem *fugiens, per ſaxa, per ignes:*
Ne cures [32] *ea que* ſtulte *miraris & optas*
Diſcere, & audire, & meliori credere non vis? **

Say, does thy [23] blood rebel, thy bosom move
With wretched Avarice, or as wretched Love?
Know, there are Words, and Spells, which can controll
([24] Between the Fits) this Fever of the soul:
Know, there are Rhymes, which ([25] fresh and fresh ap-
Will cure the arrant'st Puppy of his Pride. [ply'd)
Be [26] furious, envious, slothful, mad or drunk,
[27] Slave to a Wife or Vassal to a Punk,
A Switz, a High-dutch, or a Low-dutch [28] Bear—
All that we ask is but a patient Ear.
[29] 'Tis the first Virtue, Vices to abhor;
And the first Wisdom to be Fool no more.
But to the world, no [30] bugbear is so great,
As want of figure, and a small Estate.
To either India see the Merchant fly,
Scar'd at the spectre of pale Poverty!
See him, with pains of body, pangs of soul,
Burn through the Tropic, freeze beneath the Pole!
Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
Nothing, to make Philosophy thy friend?
To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires,
And [32] ease thy heart of all that it admires?

" [33] *Vilius argentum eſt auro, virtutibus aurum*—

" [34] *O cives, cives! quærenda Pecunia primum eſt,*

" *Virtus poſt nummos.* — *Hæc* [35] Janus ſummus *ab* imo

Prodocet: hæc recinunt juvenes dictata, ſeneſque,

[36] *Læva ſuſpenſi loculos tabulamque lacerto.*

Eſt [37] *animus tibi, ſunt mores, eſt lingua, fideſque*—

Si quadringentis ſex, ſeptem millia deſint,

[38] Plebs *eris*—

[39] *At pueri ludentes,* 'Rex *eris (aiunt)*

" *Si recte facies.*" *Hic* [40] murus aheneus *eſto,*

Nil conſcire *ſibi, nullâ palleſcere culpâ!*

[41] *Roſcia, dic ſodes, melior lex, an puerorum*

Nœnia? quæ regnum recte facientibus offert,

Here, Wiſdom calls: [33] "Seek Virtue firſt! be bold!
" As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold."
There, London's voice: [34] "Get Mony, Mony ſtill!
" And then let Virtue follow, if ſhe will."
This, this the ſaving doctrine, preach'd to all,
From [35] low St. James's up to high St. Paul;
From him whoſe [36] quills ſtand quiver'd at his ear,
To him who notches Sticks at Weſtminſter.
Barnard in [37] ſpirit, ſenſe, and truth abounds.
" Pray then what wants he?" fourſcore thouſand pounds,
A Penſion, or ſuch Harneſs for a ſlave
As Bug now has, and Beſtia fain would have.
Barnard, thou art a [38] *Cit*, with all thy worth;
Beſtia and Bug, Their *Honours*, and ſo forth.
Yet every [39] child another ſong will ſing,
" Virtue, brave boys! 'tis Virtue makes a King."
True, conſcious Honour is to feel no ſin,
He's arm'd without that's innocent within;
Be this thy [40] Screen, and this thy Wall of Braſs;
Compar'd to this, a Miniſter's an Aſs.
[41] And ſay, to which ſhall our applauſe belong,
This new Court jargon, or the good old ſong?

Et Maribus [42] Curiis, *& decantata* Camillis?

[43] *Isne tibi melius suadet, qui "Rem facias, rem,*

" Si possis, recte, si non, quocunque modo rem."

Ut [44] *proprius spectes lacrymosa Poemata Pupi!*

An, [45] *qui Fortunæ te responsare superbæ*

Liberum & erectum, [46] præsens *hortatur, & aptat?*

[47] *Quod si me Populus Romanus forte roget, cur*

Non, ut [48] *porticibus, sic judiciis fruar iisdem,*

Nec sequar aut fugiam, quos diligit ipse, vel odit?

Olim quod [49] *Vulpes ægroto cauta Leoni*

Respondit, referam: " Quia me vestigia terrent

" Omnia te adversum spectantia, nulla retrorsum.

The modern language of corrupted Peers,
Or what was ſpoke at [42] CRESSY and POITIERS?
[43] Who counſels beſt? who whiſpers, "Be but Great,
"With Praiſe or Infamy, leave that to fate;
"Get Place and Wealth, if poſſible, with Grace;
"If not, by any means get Wealth and Place.
For what? to have a [44] Box where Eunuchs ſing,
And foremoſt in the Circle eye a King.
Or [45] he, who bids thee face with ſteddy view
Proud Fortune, and look ſhallow Greatneſs thro':
And, [46] while he bids thee, ſets th' Example too?
If [47] ſuch a Doctrine, in St. James's air,
Shou'd chance to make the well-dreſt Rabble ſtare;
If honeſt S* take ſcandal at a ſpark,
That leſs admires the [48] Palace than the Park;
Faith I ſhall give the anſwer [49] Reynard gave,
"I cannot like, Dread Sir! your Royal Cave;
"Becauſe I ſee by all the Tracks about,
"Full many a Beaſt goes in, but none comes out."
Adieu to Virtue if you're once a Slave:
Send her to Court, you ſend her to her Grave.

50 Bellua multorum *eſt* capitum, *nam quid ſequar*

aut quem?

Pars hominum geſtit 51 *conducere* Publica. *Sunt qui*

52 *Cruſtis* & Pomis, *Viduas venentur avaras,*

Excipiantque Senes quos in vivaria mittunt.

53 Multis *occulto creſcit res fœnore* —

—54 *Verum*

Eſto, aliis alios rebus, ſtudiiſque teneri:

Iidem eadem poſſunt horam durare probantes?

55 " *Nullus in orbe locus* Baiis *prelucet amœnis:*"

Si dixit Dives, 56 *lacus* & *mare* ſentit *amorem*

Well, if a King's a Lion, at the leaſt
The [50] People are a many-headed Beaſt:
Can they direct what meaſures to purſue,
Who know themſelves ſo little what to do?
Alike in nothing but one Luſt of Gold,
Juſt half the land would buy, and half be ſold:
Their [51] Country's wealth our mightier Miſers drain,
Or croſs, to plunder Provinces, the Main:
The reſt, ſome farm the Poor-box, ſome the Pews;
Some keep Aſſemblies, and wou'd keep the Stews;
Some [52] with fat Bucks on childleſs Dotards fawn;
Some win rich Widows by their Chine and Brawn;
While with the ſilent growth of ten per Cent,
In Dirt and darkneſs [53] hundreds ſtink content.
Of all theſe ways, if each [54] purſues his own,
Satire be kind, and let the wretch alone.
But ſhow me one, who has it in his pow'r
To act conſiſtent with himſelf an hour.
Sir Job [55] ſail'd forth, the evening bright and ſtill,
" No place on earth (he cry'd) like Greenwich hill!"
[56] Up ſtarts a Palace, lo! th' obedient baſe
Slopes at its foot, the woods its ſides embrace,
The ſilver Thames reflects its marble face.

Feſtinantis *heri. Cui ſi* [57] *vitioſa* Libido

Fecerit auſpicium, *cras*, "*ferramenta* Teanum

"*Tolletis fabri!* —

— [58] *Lectus genialis in aula eſt?*

Nil ait eſſe prius, melius nil cælibe vita:

[59] *Si non eſt, jurat bene ſolis eſſe maritis.*

[60] *Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?*

Quid [61] pauper? *ride: mutat* [62] cænacula, lectos,

Balnea, [63] tonſores; *conducto* [64] *navigio, æque*

Nauſeat ac locuples, quem ducit priva tirremis.

[65] *Si curtatus* inæquali *tonſore capillos*

Occurro, rides; ſi forte ſubucula pexæ

Trita ſubeſt tunicæ, vel ſi toga diſſidet impar,

Now let ſome whimzy, or that [57] Dev'l within
Which guides all thoſe who know not what they mean
But give the Knight (or give his Lady) ſpleen;
" Away, away! take all your ſcaffolds down,
" For Snug's the word: My dear! we'll live in Town."

At am'rous Flavio is the [58] Stocking thrown?
That very night he longs to lye alone.
[59] The Fool whoſe Wife elopes ſome thrice a quarter,
For matrimonial Solace dies a martyr.
Did ever [60] Proteus, Merlin, any Witch,
Transform themſelves ſo ſtrangely as the Rich?
" Well, but the [61] Poor—the Poor have the ſame itch:
They change their [63] weekly Barber, weekly News,
Prefer a new Japanner to their ſhoes,
Diſcharge their [62] Garrets, move their Beds, and run
(They know not whither) in a Chaiſe and one;
They [64] hire their Sculler, and when once aboard,
Grow ſick, and damn the Climate — like a Lord.

[65] You laugh, half Beau half Sloven if I ſtand,
My Wig all powder, and all ſnuff my Band;
You laugh, if Coat and Breeches ſtrangely vary,
White Gloves, and Linnen worthy Lady Mary!

Rides: quid? [66] *mea cum pugnat* Sententia *ſecum,*
Quod petiit, ſpernit; repetit quod nuper omiſit;
[67] *Æſtuat, & Vitæ diſconvenit ordine toto;*

[68] *Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis?*

[69] *Inſanire putas ſolennia me; neque rides,*
Nec [70]Medici *credis, nec* Curatoris *egere*
A Prætore *dati? rerum* [71] *Tutela mearum*
Cum ſis, & pravè ſectum ſtomacheris ob unguem,
De te pendentis, te ſuſpicientis, *Amici.*
Ad ſummam, Sapiens *uno* [72] *minor eſt* Jove! [73] *Dives!*

[74] *Liber!* [75] *honoratus!* [76] *pulcher!* —
— [77] *Rex denique regum!*
Præcipue ſanus —
— [78] *Niſi cum pituita moleſta eſt.*

But when [66] no Prelate's Lawn with Hair-ſhirt lin'd,
Is half ſo incoherent as my Mind,
When (each Opinion with the next at ſtrife,
One [67] ebb and flow of follies all my Life)
I [68] plant, root up, I build, and then confound,
Turn round to ſquare, and ſquare again to round;
[69] You never change one muſcle of your face,
You think this Madneſs but a common caſe,
Nor [70] once to Chanc'ry, nor to * Hales apply;
Yet hang your lip, to ſee a Seam awry!
Careleſs how ill I with myſelf agree;
Kind to my dreſs, my figure, not to Me.
Is this my [71] Guide, Philoſopher, and Friend?
This, He who loves me, and who ought to mend?
Who ought to make me (what he can, or none,)
That Man divine whom Wiſdom calls her own,
Great without Title, without Fortune bleſs'd, [preſs'd,
Rich [73] ev'n when plunder'd, [75] honour'd while op-
Lov'd [76] without youth, and follow'd without power,
At home tho' exil'd, [74] free, tho' in the Tower.
In ſhort, that reas'ning, high, immortal Thing,
Juſt [72] leſs than Jove, and [77] much above a King,
Nay half in Heav'n — [78] except (what's mighty odd)
A Fit of Vapours clouds this Demi-god.

* The Doctor of Bedlam.

But when to no Prelate's Lawn with Hair-Shirt lin'd,
Is half so incoherent as my Mind,
When (each Opinion with the next at strife,
One ebb and flow of follies all my Life)
I plant, root up, I build, and then confound,
Turn round to square, and square again to round;
You never change one muscle of your face,
You think this Madness but a common case,
Nor once to Chancery, nor to * Hales apply;
Yet hang your lip, to see a Seam awry!
Careless how ill I with myself agree;
Kind to my dress, my Passion and my Tea,
Is this my Friend, Philosopher, and Guide?
This, He who loves me, and who ought to mend?
Who, ought to make me (what he can, or none,)
That Man divine whom Wisdom calls her own,
Great without Title, without Fortune bless'd, [prest'd,
Rich even when plunder'd, honour'd while op-
Lov'd without youth, and follow'd without power,
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